

# Robbie Williams, Me & My Monkey

It was me and my monkey  
Him with his dungarees and rollerblades  
Smoking filter tips reclining in the passenger seat  
Of my supercharged jet black chevrolet  
He had the soft top down  
He liked the wind in his face  
He said 'son, you ever been to vegas? '  
I said 'no' he said 'that's where we're gonna go,  
You need a change of place'  
And when we hit the strip with all the wedding chapels  
And the neon signs he said  
'i left my wallet in el segundo'  
And proceeded to take two grand of mine  
We made tracks to the mandalay bay hotel  
Asked the bell boy if he'd take me and my monkey as well  
He looked in the passenger seat of my car  
And with a smile he said  
'if your monkey's got that kind of money sir,  
And we've got a monkey bed'

Me and monkey  
With a dream and a gun  
Hoping my monkey  
Don't point that gun at anyone  
Me and monkey  
Like butch and the sundance kid  
Trying to understand  
Why he did what he did  
Why he did what he did

And at the elevator I hit the 33rd floor  
He had a room up top with a panoramic view  
It's like nothing you've ever seen before  
He went to sleep in the bidet and when he awoke  
He ran his little monkey fingers through the yellow pages  
Called up escort services and ordered some oki doke  
Forty minutes later there came a knock at the door  
In walked this big, bad-ass baboon into my bedroom  
With 3 monkey whores  
'hi, my name is sunshine. these are my girls.  
Lace my palm with silver baby oh yeah  
And they'll rock your world'  
So I watched pay per view and polished my shoes and my gun  
Was sticking on kurt cobain sing about lithium  
There came and knocked at the door and in walked sunshine  
'what's up? ' - 'you better get your ass in here boy y  
Our monkey is having too much of a good time'

Me and my monkey  
Drove in search of the sun  
Me and my monkey  
Don't point that gun at anyone  
Me and my monkey  
Like billy the kid  
Trying to understand  
Why he did what he did  
Why he did what he did

Got tickets to see sheena easton  
The monkey was high  
Said it was a burning ambition to see her before he died  
We left before encores

He couldn't sit still  
Sheena was a blast baby  
But my monkey was ill  
When I played black jack  
Kept hittin' 23  
Couldn't help but notice this mexican just staring at me  
Or was it my monkey  
I couldn't be sure  
It's not like you've never seen a monkey in rollerblades  
And dungarees before  
Now don't test my patience cause we're not about to run  
That's a bad-ass monkey boy and he's packing a gun  
'my name is rodriguez' he says with death in his eye  
'i've been chasing you for a long time amigos  
And now your monkey is gonna die'

Me and my monkey  
Drove in search of the sun  
Me and my monkey  
We don't wanna kill no mexican  
But we got ten itchy fingers  
One thing to declare  
When the monkey is high  
You do not stare  
You do not stare  
You do not stare

Looks like we got ourselves a mexican stand off here boy  
And I ain't about to run  
Put your gun down boy  
How did I get mixed up with this f\*\*king monkey anyhow